

"Nothing Reads Like Real Life"



MARC TEATUM

Motorcycle Fiction and Other Writings



Hometown
Salem, Mass.

SPRING IS FINALLY HERE. CAN MORE WRITING AND RIDING BE FAR BEHIND?

Just got the great news that Kennedy, that fabulous, gorgeous and talented morning On-Air co-host on the CBS Radio Boston station: MIX104.1 has agreed to read from my latest novel: *The Blue & Silver Shark* to add a new audio clip to my website.



Last year, she brought the perfect voice to my words about a strong, yet vulnerable motorcycle riding woman delivering fantastic audio of a segment from one of my manuscripts in progress: *Hopefully One Day*. I am thrilled! If you haven't heard her doing this, head over to: the Books and Manuscripts section and take a listen. (<http://marcteatum.com/project/hopefully-one-day>). In the meantime, I have to decide which section she should read. Any suggestions?

The Blue And Silver Shark is getting some great reviews on Amazon.com!

By Dennis Mooney
Excellent story! I enjoyed how it ties in with the actual events of the Boston Marathon. Old fashioned street justice dished out 100 percent style!



By A. Barringer
I read this in less than a week. I've enjoyed all the books in this series and I'm looking forward to the next one. I really like how the characters from the other books are brought in seamlessly without detracting from the main characters of the current book and their story lines. Great read.



MOTORCYCLES

LEATHER OUTLET
"THE BEST VENDORS UNDER ONE ROOF"

508-584-8149

www.hotstitches.com

Email: hm3021@aol.com

LOOK FOR US ON SUNDAYS AT THE RAYNHAM SWAP MEETS ON ROUTE 24 SOUTH, EXIT 13B

HOT STITCHES STUDIO

385 West Center Street
Route 106
West Bridgewater, MA
02379



Hometown
Salem, Mass.

Weather or Not to Ride

related story.

Excerpts of Marc Teatum's writings and a new related story.

By S. Anders
There are just too many stories these days about outlaw motorcycle groups, in books and on TV, that disproportionately highlight only two things: violence and sex. I am happy to say that is not the case with *"The Blue and Silver Shark"*. Yes, it does have the vigor of a hard core Biker story, but it also goes deep down into the thoughts, feelings and lives of the characters. I especially liked how multidimensional the characters are as life transitions through a whirlwind of events. I highly recommend this wonderfully entertaining, thought provoking, thrilling Biker Book.

Have you purchased your copy yet? *"The Blue and Silver Shark"*, Book 5 in A Biker Story Series, published by Blockhead City Press, is available wherever books are sold, via Amazon and Barnes and Noble and as an eBook on every eBook platform known to man.

Lastly, as Spring is upon us, remember to be aware that motorcycles are becoming more and more common on the roads. I am forever grateful to my readers and supporters. Please feel free to share this with all your reading and riding friends, invite them to head over to my website to read samples and hear audio clips from my books, manuscripts, writings and my blog. And remember: "Nothing Reads Like Real Life"



www.marcteatum.com
Marc Teatum
Salem, MA



The Blue and Silver Shark

A Biker's Story: book 5
by Edward Winterhalter & Marc Teatum

The Moon Upstairs

A Biker's Story: book 4
by Edward Winterhalter & Marc Teatum

One Light Coming

A Biker's Story: book 3
by Edward Winterhalter & Marc Teatum



Weather or Not to Ride

related story.

Excerpts of Marc Teatum's writings and a new related story.

"And everything would have been fine...if the rain didn't start coming down. It's not that it was coming down hard, I mean we've all ridden in rain before. No one likes it, but we've all done it. And we know how to do it while riding in a pack: spacing is key, staying far enough behind from the Brother in front of you and switch to a staggered formation. But it was the trucks that screwed us up. They don't slow down for anything. They hydroplane like there is no tomorrow. While no one would ever admit, but it was just a matter of time before something went wrong. And sure as god made little green apples it happened. Jonesy was last in line and I guess that the spray was just too much for him and his rear wheel lost traction and the bike just slid out from underneath him. Larry was just a bit surprised to see Jonesy pulling ahead of him, not because he was passing him, but because he was doing it hinging down on his back as his scooter was sliding too! When the front wheel of Jonesy's ride tapped the back of Irishman's bike, he nearly went down too. Don't ask me how Moose and Little Jimmie riding up front knew, but they pulled us all over to the side and we jumped off our machines and ran to help pull Jonesy and his sled off to the side of the road. A guy in a pickup truck pulled off to help too. And within 15 mins, there was an ambulance, a fire truck and MA State Trooper to keep us company. The side of Jonesy's tanks was pushed in, he was missing his left rearview mirror and his front fender was bent up. His gear lever was destroyed and his front saved the bike from going head over heels and sustaining more damage. The same can be said of Jonesy. His leather jacket was scuffed up and he had a fat lip. We thought that was all, until he tried to stand. The paramedics confirmed that his right ankle was n't broken, but had a hairline fracture. Of course being the tough guy, Jonesy wasn't going to the hospital. "I'll heal just fine" says he. In the meantime, we're all getting soaked. When I grow up, I want to be a weatherman.

Pages 34-38 "Ride To The Wall"
Unpublished manuscript © 2009 Marc Teatum

It snowed today. They said it would. But I stopped believing 'them' a lifetime ago. I learned to trust only in myself. Maybe I should check myself every once in a while. When I woke this morning, I looked at weather.com, checked wind direction, temps to the west, water temp to the east, tracked the storm coming, but after yesterday and seeing two or three other riders out on the pavement, I couldn't take it anymore. I went to the garage, and holy smokes, The Beast started. It rumbled a bit, (maybe I should have put stabilizer in) before it settled into that familiar throaty sound all Bikers recognize. And yes it was a bit chilly, but what the hell, I hadn't been on two wheels in nearly 60 days. It was killing me.

No one at work would believe me, so I never said a word about riding. But they sure as hell saw the stupid grin I wore all day. I was a happy camper. Around 2:30, I looked up and saw it starting to come down. Little puffy white flakes. Floating, lightly falling: it's

not like there was a blanket of white out there. Weather.com here I come. The winds had picked up, the barometer was falling as was the temps, but dew points were rising. Not a good sign.

I didn't panic and run for the door thinking that I would beat it if hell back to the town where I lived.

Looking at the time, I knew that every school bus and Mommy-Mobile would be clogging the roads in the three towns between here and there anyway, so what's the point? So I worked on and on and on. Not really ignoring the precipitation from my fourth floor window, but not sweating it either. It was what it was.

I opted to wait. The snow wasn't sticking to the pavement yet. Thank god for asphalt holding heat and being within 2 miles of the warming effect of the Atlantic Ocean. (Did I really just say that? Since when has anyone referred to the Atlantic and the words 'warming' in the same sentence?)

I waited until 6:30 or so to let whatever commuter traffic there might be, was done, before I shut down and headed to the machine I've ridden in the rain before and it's not fun, but it's doable. I've ridden in the dark before and it's certainly doable. I've ridden in the dark and the rain before and it sucks.

But tonight.....tonight was magical. The air wasn't too cold, not too damp. Riding while snow is falling is not like riding when rain is falling. Rain pelts you and it's sort of like having sewing needles thrown at your face. It stings. Snow melts when it hits you and you just get wet. I can handle wet. In fact, there are times when I love wet.

Riding in the dark when it's snowing is like living in a Star War movie. When Han Solo says they are going to make the jump to hyperspace and all those stars turn into little streaks of light is exactly what it's like to ride on a country road at night when it's snowing. The single beam of light that is thrown in front of a bike and a pool of illumination that is created makes this little world all your own. It's amazing. And for the next 25 miles, I was Han Solo.

As my eyes adjusted to the semi dark around me, I caught a glimp of large houses, the warm glow of inside lights illuminating the sn that sat ever gently on the lawns nearby. The larger farm fields we covered in a thin blanket of white, the trees and rock walls looked like someone had come by with powdered sugar and sprinkled the Then I hit my town. I had to deal with cagers who couldn't really see beyond the streaks that their wipers made across their windshields. The metal wire surface of the bridge leading into town was lot more slick as were the brick crosswalks in downtown. Add brick crosswalks at intersections to tight hand turns and the back wheel felt like it really did want to catch up to my handlebars.

When I pulled the machine into the garage, the lady who owns the house came out on the back steps and even though we've known each other for come on twenty years now, she couldn't resist: "Are you crazy?"
Maybe.
But today I'm also happy.

- Ride Hard
- Ride Safe
- Ride Often
- © Marc Teatum
- Motorcycle Fiction and Other Stories
- www.marcteatum.com
- His Books are available at your local bookseller or worldwide through Amazon.com, Barnesandnoble.com and as eBooks through every eBook platform known to man (Kindle, Google Play, iTunes etc).